

sparrows in the supermarket

(for Elaine White)

Will Watson

one tweets in the meat locker,
 another swoops at a sky-blue
 beer box, or sleeps, stuffed with
 stolen seed, in garden supply,

and dreams, i'd guess, of flocks, free flight,
 wind, sun, cold, cats, rain, trees and so on,
 though i'm quite sure how that dreaming

ends--in blood spatter, shatterproof glass.

in more cheery times, we might kid ourselves
 that to swap the sky for a free lunch is
 strictly for the birds, but as the sun

dims, the stomach sours,
 you can rest assured
 some wise guy will surmise
 that you and i are just

so many sparrows in the supermarket too...

when that hour arrives, i'll hit
 some high notes myself, no doubt,
 but, hey, who's up for lunch today?